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WHITE'S

New Illustrated Melodeon

SONG BOOK,

CONTAINING A VARIETY OF ALL THE NEW AND MOST POPULAR SONGS, JOKES, CONUNDRUMS, BURLESQUE LECTURES, ETC, EMBRACING THE CHOICEST COLLECTION AS SUNG BY WHITE'S BAND OF SERENADERS, THE CHRISTYS, CAMPBELLS, AND SABLE BROTHERS.

NEW-YORK:
H. LONG & BROTHER,

4

Sachs. 1841

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WHITE'S
New Illustrated Melodeon.

Emma Snow.

As sung by CHARLES WHITE, the highly popular Ethiopian, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, New York.

Way down in Alabama,
Not very long ago,
I knew a yellow charmer,
And her name was Emma Snow;
Her eyes was bright as diamonds,
And her teeth was perly white,

Dey glisned in de darkness,
As the stars do in the night.
Chorus: But that happy time is over,
I've only grief and pain;
For I shall never, never see
My Emma dear again.

We us'd to go out early
To hoe de sugar cane,
The time did pass so cheril
When Emma Snow was
She trabled wid us daily,
And oft would tell her name;
And we danced and sung so gaily
To the Banjo's sweetest strain.
But that happy time is over, &c.

Now that happy time hath sorrow,
The day is turned to night;
I lost my dearest Emma
By the poison adder's bite.
We miss'd her in de evening,
And we hunted far and wide,
And we found her in the meadows,
Whar she sicken'd and she died.
But that happy time is over, &c.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why are the captains of the Mississippi steamboats dentists? Because they are continually encountering snags.

Why is the director of an orchestra like a polite man? Because he is not only a leader of bows, (*beaux*) but very attentive to the bells.

Why is Graham bread like a popular song? Because it is coming through the rye.

Fare You Well, Ladies.

Composed and sung, with deafening shouts of applause, by B. F STANTON, in White's Band of Serenaders, at the Melodeon Saloon, New York.

The Hendrick Hudson is a bully boat,
She's bound to make dem Trojan's smoke;
You pay your money and you go to bed,
Your lucky in de morning if you is not dead.
Chorus: Fare you well ladies,
Fare you well ladies,
Fare you well ladies,
I'm gwan to leave you now.

I came down on the Alida the other day,
The Troy overtook us at Newburgh Bay
She tried to play wid us for awhile,
But we beat her into York about one mile.
Fare you well ladies, &c.

Tother day I met old Captain St. John,
Ses he are you going on de Oregon;
I cant this trip not very well,
For I've gaged my passage on board of the Belle.
Fare you well ladies, &c.

Water now is very low,
And Opposition is all de go;
De berths are free on board of the belle,
If you find your boots in the morning its well.
Fare you well ladies, &c.

Now to passengers that's going west,
Take my advice, an you'll do de best;
If you wish to go through cheap,
Get aboard of the Empire at Courtland-street.
Fare you well ladies, &c.

Why do tight boots lead to intemperance? Because a man is likely to get corned after it.

Louisiana Belle.

A highly popular Song as sung by CHARLES WHITE, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, New York; and also by the Christy Minstrels.

In Louisiana dats de state,
Whare old massa eber dwell,
An' he hab a lubly colored gal,
Called de Louisiana Belle.

Chorus: Oh, boys, don't you tell,
Don't tell massa, don't you tell;
Oh, Belle, Louisiana Belle,
I'se going to marry you, Louisiana Belle.

Up to de ball de oder night,
I cut a mighty swell,
Dancing de poker and widgeon ping
With dat Louisiana Belle.
Oh, Miss Belle, &c.

Twig dat Dandy Jim of Caroline,
Oh, twig de nigga swell,
Trying it on so monstrous fine,
Wid dat Louisiana Belle.
Oh, Miss Belle, &c.

Dere's fuss de B and den de E,
Oh yes, and de double LL,
Poke an E on end ob dat,
An you hab Louisiana Belle.
Oh, Miss Belle, &c.

Why is the letter T like an island? Because it is in the middle of water.

Why is the letter E like a child's first sin? Because it is the beginning of error.

Ride on, Darkies.

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If you do feel as we do feel,
By and by, by and by,
When our memory round us steals,
By and by.

Oh, Gemblem, wery obliged to you,
By and by, by and by,
For fotching along de ladies too
By and by.

In listening to this darkey band,
By and by, by and by,
Who sing their songs throughout the land,
By and by.

Now white folks my song is done,
By and by, by and by,
I hope I have offended none,
By and by.

I'll come again to-morrow night,
By and by, by and by,
And throw myself clear out ob sight,
By and by.

Chorus: Ride on, darkies—oh, ride on,
We'r on our journey home,
Oh, o, o, o;
Ride on, darkies—oh, ride on.
We'r on our journey home.

Why is a true and faithful friend like garden seed? Because you never know the value of either until they are put under ground

Stop dat Knockin'.

AN OPERATIC BURLESQUE.

As sung by WHITE'S Band of Serenaders, at the Melodeon Saloon also, the Christy's and Campbell's Minstrels.

I once did love a yaller gal, whose name was Susy Brown,
She came from Alabama, and was the fairest in the town,
Her eyes so bright that they shine at night, when the moon has gone away,
She used to call this nigga up, just afore de broke ob day,
With a "who dat, who dat, who dat, who dat knocking at de door,

Am dat you, Sam, am dat you Sambo?"

Spoken: "Why Sam, aint you gwine to luff me in?"

"No, you'd better stop dat knockin' at de door,"—
"let me in,"
"Stop dat knockin',"—"let me in,"
"Stop dat knockin',"—"let me in,"
"Ah! you better stop dat knockin' at my door,"—
"let me in,"
"Stop dat knockin', stop dat knockin', stop dat knockin',
"Stop dat knockin', oh! you'd better stop dat knockin' at my door."

She was the handsomest gal, dat ever I did see,
She neber went out walkin', wid any colored man but me,
I took my banjo to the house, to play three times or more,
When I heard two or three knocks pretty hard,
Come bang agin my door.
With a "who dat, who dat, who dat," &c.

Oh, Susanna.

As sung by H. Neil, in White's Band of Serenaders, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, Bowery, N. Y.

I'se come from Alabama with the banjo on my knee,
I'm gwine to Louisiana my true lub for to see.
It rained all night the day I left, the wedder it was dry,
De sun so hot I froze to deff, Susanna don't you cry.

Chorus and repeat: Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me,
Ise come from Alabama,
With the banjo on my knee.

I jump'd aboard de telegraph, an trabelled down de ribber,
De 'lectric fluid magnified and killed four hundred nigga,
De bulgine bust, de horse run off, I really thought to die,
I shut my eyes to hold my breath, Susanna don't you cry.

Oh, Susanna, &c.

I had a dream de oder night, when eberyting was still,
I thought I saw Susanna a coming down de hill,
De buckwheat cake was in her mouf, de tear was in her eye,
Says I, "I'm comin' from de Souf, Susanna, don't you cry."

Oh, Susanna, &c.

I'll soon be down in New Orleans, an den I'll run around,
An if I see Susanna, I'll fall upon de ground,
But if I do not see her, this darkey 'll surely die,
An when I'm dead an buried, Susanna don't you cry.

Oh, Susanna, &c.

What is it that is white, and black, and red all over?
A newspaper.

Whar is the Spot?

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First voice.—O whar is the spot that we was born on.
Second voice.—Whar is the spot that we were born on.
Third voice.—Whar! oh, whar is the spot we were born on,
All.—Way down in old Carolina state.
When we go down to hoe de corn,
We lub de spot dat we were born on,
Sing for Massa night and morn,
'Kase my old Massa's bery great.

Chorus: By and by we hope to meet you,
By and by we hope to meet you,
By and by we hope to meet you,
Way down in de Carolina state.

First voice.—Dar libs fader, dar libs moder,
Second voice.—Dar libs sister, dar libs broder,
Third voice.—Just as snug as a dog in clover;
All.—Way down in de Carolina state.
De nigga lubs home dar, if massa don't cross him,
Cane brake grows and de corn stalk blossom,
Whar de coon and de little fat possum,
Massa hunt till de moon shines late.

Chorus: By and by we hope to meet you, &c.

First voice.—We used to hab de fun on de old plantation
Second voice.—We used to hab de fun on de old plantation,
Third voice.—We used to hab de fun on de old plantation,
All.—Way down in de Carolina state.
We danc'd and sung when de days work was over,
Libed like de coons in de fields ob clover,
Sing to massa kase he's sober,
And he's verry rich and great.

Chorus: By and by we hope to meet you, &c.

Have a little Dance.

Sung by H. Neil, in White's Band of Serenaders, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, N. Y.

I'll sing you now dis good old song
And then I'll sing another
Old massa's gwine dis arterr oon,
To call upon his brodder;
Den wait a little while, my boys,
Till he gits out ob sight,
We'll drop de shovel and de hoe,

Spoken: What for?

To have a little dance to-night.

Chorus: We'll have a little dance to-night, boys,
To-night, boys, to-night, boys,
We'll have a little dance to-night, boys,
An dance by de light ob de moon.

I like de cambric handkerchief,
I like de beaver hat;
Ob, hand me down my high heel boots,
Likewise my silk cravat.
De niggers dey am grinning,
An dar teeth looks very white,
We'll go across de mountain, boys,

Spoken: What for?

To have a little dance to-night.

Chorus: We'll have a little dance to-night, &c.

I rises at de broke ob day,
To take my morning walk,
I meet my lubly Julian,
And dis de way we talk;
I says, "you are my own true love,
You are my heart's delight,
Will you go over de riber dis evening,

Spoken: What for?

To have a little dance to-night."

Chorus: We'll have a little dance to-night, &c.

Why was Judge Edmonds a greater man than Ben Franklin? Because Franklin bottled lightning, and Edmonds jugged thunder, (alias, Big Thunder, the anti-renter.)

Why are little school children like wafers? Because you have to lick them to make them stick to the letters.

When is a nose not a nose? When it is a little reddish, or when it is a turn up.

What makes more noise than a pig under a gate Why, two pigs.

Rosa Lee.

Sung by CHARLES WHITE, Christy's, Campbell's, and the Ethiopian Serenaders.

When I lib'd in Tennessee,
U li a li o la e,
I went courtin Rosa Lee,
U li a li o la e,
Eyes as dark as winter night,
Lips as red as berry bright,
When first I did her wooing go,
She said, "now don't be foolish, Joe!"
U li a li o la e,
Courting down in Tennessee,
U li a li o la e,
'Neath the wild Banana tree,
I said you lubly gal, dat's plain,
U li a li o la e,
Breff as sweet as sugar cane,
U li a li o la e,
Feet as large and comely too,
Might make a cradle of each shoe,
Rosa, take me for your beau,
She said, "Now don't be foolish, Joe!"
U li a li o la e,
Courtin down in Tennessee, &c.

My story yet is to be told,
U li a li o la e,
Rosa catch'd a shocking cold,
U li a li o la e,
Send de doctor, fetch de nurse,
Doctor came but make her worse,
I tried to make her laugh, but no,
She said, "Now don't be foolish, Joe!"
U li a li o la e,
Courtin down in Tennessee, &c.

Dey gib her up, no power could save,
U li a li o la e,
She ax me follow to her grave,
U li a li o la e,

I take her hand, 'twas cold as death,
So cold I hardly draw my breff,
She saw my tears in sorrow flow,
And said, "Farewell, my dearest Joe!"
U li a li o la e,
Rosa sleeps in Tennessee, &c.

We lib on de Banks ob de Ohio.

Sung by the Great Cool White, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, N. Y.

We live on the banks ob de Ohio,
Tra la la, tra la la la.
Whar de mighty waters do rapidly flow,
And de steamboat streak it along.

We live on de bank ob de Ohio,
Ohio, Ohio,
We live on de banks ob de Ohio.
Ohio, Ohio.

Droop not, darkies, as we go,
Tra la la, tra la la la.
Back to de banks ob de Ohio,
To raise de 'bacco and corn, &c.

We live on the banks ob de Ohio.

In a very short time we all must go,
Tra la la, tra la la la.
To de sweet land of de Ohio,
Whar de niggers and gals do dwell, &c.

We live on de banks ob de Ohio.

Old massa to us darkies am good,
Tra la la, tra la la la.
For he gibs us our clothes and he gibs us our food,
And we merrily work for him, &c.
And we live on the banks ob de Ohio.

Suke ob Tenisee.

As sung by B. F. STANTON, the celebrated Banjoist, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, N. Y.

I'm tired ob life if I can't find
My Suke ob Tenisee,
I used to meet her in de old cornfield,
She's mine where'er she be.

Chorus: Hab any ob you seen her,
She's mine where'er she be;
Oh! tell whar I can find her,
My Suke ob Tenisee.

She told ole massa 'fore she left,
Dat she was gwine to leabe him;
She look'd like her mudder, kase she war black,
An so war her brudder Stephen.
Hab any ob you seen her, &c.

She listen'd to de preachin' ob ole farder Miller,
She's up in de clouds I believe;
Says she, far you well, all you wicked colored niggers,
Dis land I'se a gwine for to leabe.
Hab any ob you seen her, &c.

She put all de 'scension robes on her back,
She climb'd up de big pine tree;
She eider went up or else she came down,
I did not wait for to see.
Hab any ob you seen her, &c.

Her doggertype she gabe to me, in ole massa's bower,
An den! oh, den! she went away,
I tink to de springs, on Grand Tower,
But ra'aly dis nigger cannot say.
Hab any ob you seen her, &c

Fire Down Below.

Sung by B. F. STANTON, the great Banjo-player at the Melodeon Saloon, N. Y.

I'll fire dis trip but I'll fire no more,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
Oh, pay me my money, an I'll go on shore.
Fire down below.

Miss Fanny Bell, oh, fare you well,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
I'm gwine away, p'r'aps to ——
Fire down below.

A bully boat, an a bully crew,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
An a bully ragin' captain, too.
Fire down below.

De possum jump, an de panther roar,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
I woke dis mornin' at half-past four.
Fire down below.

I crept out safely from my hive,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
An took a dram at half-past five.
Fire down below.

Says I, "ole boat, let's have no tricks,"
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
Her biler bust at half-past six.
Fire down below.

So now, we trabbel under sail,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
'Kase Jonah's de man dat swallowed de whale.
Fire down below.

I'll fire dis trip, but I'll fire no more,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
Pay me my money, an I'll go on shore.
Fire down below.

The Dinner Horn.

Composed and sung by CHARLES WHITE, the famous Ethiopian Delineator.

At early dawn de niggers wakes,
Puts on his ole attire,
An thro' de fields his way he takes,
To labor for no hire.

Chorus and repeat: All natur smiles to see him grin
While hoeing ob de corn;
Its only when he hears de sound,
Ob dat ole dinner horn,
De dinner horn, de dinner, dinner horn

At noon, when no dark clouds obscure
De sun dat shines so hot,
De nigger den leans on his hoe,
An cuss his tiresome lot.

He tink ob frens he luff behind,
When from dem he was torn;
But pshaw—he soon forgets dem all
When he hears de dinner horn.
De dinner horn, &c.

When ebening shades are coming on,
De sun sinks down de west;
De nigger's toil will soon be done,
An den he'll hab some rest.

'Tis den he hears dem witchin' notes
Dat on de breeze is borne,
From de ole oberseer's throat
Fro' dat ole dinner horn.
De dinner horn, &c.

Why are hogs the most intelligent animals? Because they nose (*knows*) everything.

Julia is a Beauty.

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Miss Julia is a handsome gal, her heart was young an tender,
Her eyes are dark an rather small, her form genteel an slender,
An den her face so round an fat, de people do admire,
Her eyes set in dat face at night, looks like two towns on fire.

Chorus: Oh, Julia is a beauty,
She blossoms like a pina,
Oh, sah! she is de prettiest gal,
Dat libs in ole Carlina.

And when Miss Julia takes a walk, it's on some holiday,
A big steam engine goes ahead, so clar de track away;
De bells all ring, an out she goes, her hair floats on de
breeze,
And when de sun shines on her face, makes all de geeses
sneeze. Oh, Julia, &c.

Miss Julia has a little foot, that wears a little gaiter,
Which sets as close as e'er you saw a peelin' on a tater;
And when she walks, oh, gracious! oh, Moses! what a
swell,
De boys and gals dey all cry out, Oh! Julia is a belle.
Oh, Julia, &c.

Belle of Baltimore.

A. & J. P. ORDWAY, 339 Washington-street, Boston, publishers of the music, and proprietors of the copy-right. Words published by their permission.

I've been through Carolina,
I've been to Tennessee,
I've trabelled Mississippi,
For Massa set me free.
I've kissed the lovely Creole,
On Louisiana shore,
But I never found a gal to match
De blooming Belle of Baltimore.

Chorus: Oh, boys, Belle's a beauty,
Eyes so bright and cheeks so sooty,
No gal I ever seen before,
So sweet as Belle of Baltimore.

My Belle is tall and slender,
And sings so very clear,
You'd think she was an owlingale,
If once her voice you'd hear.

I walked down to her cabbin,
And I rapped agin de door;
I went to gib my dagatype,
To my sweet Belle of Baltimore.
Oh, boys, Belle's a beauty, &c.

I found her by the riber,
My errant I did tell,
Ses she, you gay deceiber,
Your tricks I know too well,
I seen you kiss another gal,
The werry night before—
Wid dat she turned upon her heel,
And off went Belle of Baltimore.
Oh, boys, Belle's a beauty, &c.

I wrote my lub a letter,
And scented it so sweet,
De musk, de clobes, de pepermint,
Stuck out about a feet.
But all my trouble was no use,
I neber seen her more—
For I squashed de tender 'fections, ob
My blooming Belle of Baltimore.
Oh, boys, Belle's a beauty, &c.

Why is it impossible for General Taylor to be President? Because his actions in Mexico are proof positive that he will not run. Well, General Scott can easily attain that office. Why? Because he has already taken the stump. What stump? Santa Anna's wooden leg.

Johnson, what is next to an oyster? I do not know. Why, the shell to be sure.

Why are the boarders of the Astor House like men digging a ditch? Because they are continually on the stoop.

My Sally I Shall See.

Sung by B. F. STANTON, with great applause, at the New York Melodeon.

Way down souf in Alabama,
Not far from de Old Pee Dee;
Sally cry almost to death,
To cum along wid me.
Chorus: I'm going on de ole Pee Dee,
I'm going—
On a summer night,
When de moon shine bright,
My Sally I shall see.

Den when I left my Sally,
De tear was in her eye;
She made me feel so berry bad,
I couldn't say good bye.
I'm going, &c.

She said I was her own true love,
For she did lub none better;
She ax me for a lock ob hair,
I sent it in a letter.
I'm going, &c.

Den when I left my Sally gal,
I felt bad 'tis berry true;
I felt so bad and cry so hard,
My ole pony he cry, too.
I'm going, &c.

When I get rich den I'll go back,
Take Sally for my wife;
Buy a farm and settle down,
And lib dere all my life.
I'm going, &c.

No more work when de sun am hot,
But lib dere at my ease;
Den sing and pick on de old banjo,
And do jest what I please.
I'm going, &c.

Uncle Ned.

Sung by that inimitable performer, Mr. CHARLES WHITE, at his Melodeon Concert Saloon, New York.

I once knew a darky, and his name was Uncle Ned,
O he died long ago—long ago;
He had no hair on the top of his head,
The place where de wool ought to grow.

Chorus: Lay down the shovel and the hoe,
Hang up the fiddle and the bow;
For no more work for poor old Ned,
He's gone where the good darkies go.

His fingers were long, like the cane in the brake,
And he had no eyes for to see;
He had no teeth for to eat de hoe cake,
So he had to let the hoe cake be.

Lay down, &c.

One cold frosty morning old Ned died,
Oh, the tears down massa's face run like rain;
For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground,
He'd nebber see his like again. Lay down, &c

Oh Lud Gals.

NEW VERSION.

As sung by CHARLES WHITE, the great Ethiopian performer, at the Melodeon Saloon, 53 Bowery, New York.

Here I am as you diskiver,
All de way from roaring river;
Here I cum, as you must know,
For to play de ole banjo.

Chorus: O lud gals, gib me chaw tobacco,
O lud gals, fotch on de whiskey,
My head swims, and I feel a little tipsey.

Way down by de Indian Nation,
Dar's pretty little gals from de wild goose nation,
My wife's dead, and I'll get annudder
Pretty little yaller gal jest like the todder.
O lud gals, gib me chaw tobacco, &c.

Ole Massa Miller goes out a preachin,
'Bout de world coming to pieces,
An if you want to do what's right,
Go an join de Millerite.
O lud gals, gib me chaw tobacco, &c.

Summer time has come at last,
Old cold winter's gone and past;
Fourth July we'll have a lark,
And see de sojers in de Park.
O lud gals, gib me chaw tobacco, &c

Fourth July, without any flattery,
Is a great day down on de battery;
De cannons roar, and so loudly clatter,
Get your eye put out wid a fire cracker.
O lud gals, gib me chaw tobacco, &c.

If you drive a nail in a board and clinch it on the other side, why is it like a sick man? Because it is in firm.

Dearest Mae.

As sung by CHARLES WHITE, the Christy's, and others.

Oh, niggers, come and listen, a story I'll relate,
It happened in a valley in de ole Carolina state,
It was down in de meadow I used to make de hay,
I always work de harder when I tink on you, dear Mae.

Chorus: Oh, dearest Mae, you're lovelier dan de day,
Your eyes so bright dey shine at night,
When de moon am gone away.

My massa gib me holiday, I wish he'd gib me more,
I thanked him very kindly as I shoved my boat from shore,
And down de ribber paddled wid a heart so light and free,
To de cottage ob my lovely Mae, I long'd so much to see.

Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

On de bank ob de ribber where de trees dey hang so low,
When de coon among de branches play, and de mink he keeps below,
Oh dar is de spot, and Mae, she looks so sweet,
Her eyes dey sparkle like de stars, and her lips am red as beet.

Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

Beneath de shady ole oak tree, I've sot for many an hour,
As happy as de buzzard bird dat sports among de flowers;
But, dearest Mae, I left her, and she cried when both we parted,
I gib her a long and farewell kiss, and back to massa started.

Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

Ladies, Won't You Marry?

Sung by Cool White, with tremendous applause, at the Melodeon Saloon, Bowery, New York.

I arribed in town de oder day,
And took a ride in a four horse sleigh

Spoken: You did, did you? Well, I don't know wedder its any ob your business wedder I did or not. Why? Bekase—

I took my banjo and I played,
And gib my lub a serenade.
Chorus: Ladies, won't you marry?
Ladies, won't you marry?
Ladies, won't you marry?
Oh, tell me right away.

It pleased my Dinah berry well,
To hear me thus my true lub tell;

Spoken: I don't believe it.

What pleased her most ob all, you see,
I axed her, would she marry me?
Ladies, won't you marry? &c.

She from de winder poked her head,
She looked so sweet she killed me dead;

Spoken: Oh, I don't believe it, how did you feel?

Just like de coon upon de fire,
My heart burnt up, and I suspire.
Ladies, won't you marry? &c.

Some ladies dey am short, some tall,
But bless dar souls, I lub dem all;

Spoken: You does, does you;—only hear dat. He got no right to lub dem all, kase dars my gal. Yes, but you see, I only lub de colored feminine ganders so.

Take my advice den, ladies, pray,
And go get married right away.
Ladies, won't you marry? &c.

Do not go way, my Lady-love.

As sung by J. SMITH, the great Bone-player in White's Band of Serenaders.

Come lend an ear, my lub, to me,
An listen to dis melody ;
Hark unto de strains so fine,
As all de darkies in chorus jine.

Chorus: Do not go way, my lady-love,
Do not go way, my lady-love,
Do not go way, my lady-love,
But list to de banjo from above.

Come my lub, an go wid me,
I'll buy a farm in de counteree ;
Den wid my banjo by my side,
You shall be my joy an pride.
Do not go way, my lady-love, &c.

Den we will lib like white folks fine,
I smoke de segar, you drink de wine,
You dance de Polka, while I sing,
An pick upon de banjo string.
Do not go way, my lady-love, &c.

Den come my lub an go wid me,
An we'll lib in sweet felicity ;
Den how happy we will be,
Wid our pickaninnies on our knee.
Do not go way, my lady-love, &c.

At the time of the deluge, how many people was there in Noah's ark? Why, only one, and that was Noah himself. No, Cesar, there was more, because the book says, after the deluge, Noah came *forth* from the ark, so of course, there was three more besides him, which made four altogether.

Jenny, put de Kettle on.

Arranged and sung only by CHARLES WHITE and his Band of Serenaders, at the Melodeon, N. Y.

Jenny's fader went out a shootin',
Dar he saw a wild hog rootin',
De hog bristled up an set him shakin',
An dats de way he saved his bacon.

Chorus: Jenny, put de kettle on,
Jenny, put de kettle on,
Jenny, put de kettle on, we'll all take tea,
But de coffee is a boilin' an it don't suit me

A weasel creep to a pen ob chickens,
Dar he thought to get some pickens,
But de ole hen she pick out his eyes,
An de weasel was blinded wid surprise.
Jenny, put de kettle on, &c.

Oh, Sarah Lovelip is a beauty,
Her sooty 'plexion 'zactly suit me,
De black ob her face it shine so bright,
Dat it puts de candle out ob sight.
Jenny, put de kettle on, &c.

I won my sweetheart at a hustle,
She has got ole natur's bustle,
Goose egg eyes as white as natur,
An a nose just like a roasted tater.
Jenny, put de kettle on, &c.

Cold water Sam, he got so thin,
Dat bones made eye-holes through his shin,
An ebery night when he cum home,
He hung his hat on his left cheek bone.
Jenny, put de kettle on, &c.

Why is a nigger's head like a short distance? Because it is not (*fur*) far.

Piccayune Butler.

Composed and sung by CHARLES WHITE, with deafening shouts of applause.

Here I am gwine to sing
An tell you how the banjo 'll ring, eh, eh,
Dis song I know 'll please you to deff,
And laugh you nearly out of breff, eh, eh.

Chorus: Piccayune Butler, coming, coming,
Piccayune Butler, coming, coming,
Piccayune Butler, coming, coming,
Piccayune Butler, come to town;
Ahoo, ahoo, ahoo, ahoo, ahoo, ahoo,
Piccayune Butler, coming, coming,
Piccayune Butler, come to town.

Away down souf whar I was born,
I worked all day in fields of corn, eh, eh,
When de sun shines hot de niggers roast,
But when dey dance dey sweat de most, eh, eh.
Piccayune Butler, coming, &c.

Ob all de gals I eber see,
Miss Lucy Neal was best to me, eh, eh,
She chased de bulgine out of breff,
An dat's what caused Miss Lucy's deff, eh, eh.
Piccayune Butler, coming, &c.

Young folks come here to take a walk,
An wid dar lubs to hab some talk, eh, eh,
De ladies ask am dat a fact,
Is dem gemblem really black, eh, eh.
Piccayune Butler, coming, &c.

I'se gwine some day to buy a farm,
An a band of niggers I'll take along, eh, eh,
An ebery day we'll sing dis song,
Ob Piccayune Butler come to town, eh, eh.
Piccayune Butler, coming, &c.

Young Clem Brown.

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Oh, when I were a little nig, I workey in de fields,
An used to hoe de cotton wid de pretty Lucy Neal;
But massa sell Miss Lucy, and he buy Clem Brown,
Kase he know dat Clem work harder on de old cotton ground.

Chorus: Oh, young Clem Brown,
Oh, young Clem Brown,
We used to work wid him till de sun went down.

'Twas dar he saw de nigga gal, and feel de bosom flame,
He neber sleep another night, till he had know her name;
Oh, Clem he was de handsome youf, so strong in ebery limb,
An he call me lubly funny, kase I laff and talk wid him.
Oh, young Clem Brown, &c.

One day he say he marry me, but massa cross wid he,
An watch us like de crow do de possum in de tree;
But bery late one ebening our massa sick and die,
I guess he die wid agué fits, that Clem could marry I.
Oh, young Clem Brown, &c.

We lebe de ole Carlina state, and trabble to de Norf,
But Clem he lebe de bed an board, an den he trabble off,
He lebe no darlin Clems behind, to strike de heel an toe,
But lebe de young an blooming wife, to weep de bitter woe.
Oh, young Clem Brown, &c.

Why can a ship's crew always have fresh eggs when they are out at sea? Because the captain can make the ship lay-to whenever he pleases.

Why are doctors like musquetos? Because they never draw blood without running up a bill.

Rosy Lub is a Turtle Dove.

Composed and sung by Cool White, the inimitable Ethiopian, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, N. Y

My Rosy lub is a turtle dove,
She was born in Alabama,
She is de handsomest yaller gal,
In de state ob Indiana.
For Rose and I were in de field,
A thunder storm came on;
De lightnin' came near strikin' her,
I really thought she was gone.

Spoken: What objection had you to de gal?

Chorus: Why her head is like a 'bacco plant,
Her mouf like de bananna;
She is the handsomest yaller gal,
In de state of Indiana.

My Rosy lub is a turtle dove,
An I know dat she lubs me,
She is de prettiest yaller gal,
That eber you did see.
Rose an I were returnin',
When our work was over,
A large black snake jumped out ob de grass.
An bit her on de nose.
Why, her head is like a 'bacco plant, &c

Why might General Taylor be called a dishonorable man? Because he took Saltillo, for better or for worse, then left her.

Suppose it to be twenty-five miles from Harlem to the Battery, how many unmarried ladies would it take to reach the distance? Why, twenty-five to be sure, because a miss is as good as a mile.

Rosa's Wedding Day.

Sung by CHARLES WHITE, in all the principal Cities and Concert Rooms in the United States.

Oh, name de spot and tell me whar,
That I can find my Rosa dear;
She promised me only last night,
To meet me here when de moon shone bright.

Chorus: Sing, sing away, its our delight,
To work by day, and sing by night
Sing de darkies' favorite lay,
For to-morrow's Rosa's wedding-day

When I was young and in my prime,
There was no darks could get my time,
To hoe de corn an eat hoe cake,
While Rosa she would pass de plate.
Sing, sing away, &c.

She had a small waist with a very good figure,
Which charmed de heart ob dis ere nigger;
But alas! alas! my rival came,
Ole Bull Sam Johnson was his name.
Sing, sing away, &c.

He took my Rosa by de hand,
An led her down to Virginia's lane;
An when dey got to de ole log house,
He took my Rosa to be his spouse.
Sing, sing away, &c.

Why are the torments of the lower region like a circle? Because it has got no end.

Why is a newly opened dry goods store like a house on fire? Because it starts all the bells of the city.

Why is a rose like a dirk-knife? Because they both open with the spring.

Gum Tree Canoe.

As sung by B. F. STANTON, in WHITE'S Band of Serenaders, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, N. Y.

On Tombigbee river, so bright I was born,
In a hut made ob husks ob de tall yaller corn;
An dar I first met wid my Jula so true,
An I row'd her about in my Gum tree canoe.

Chorus: Singing row away, row,
O'er de waters so blue,
Like a feather we'll float,
In my Gum tree canoe.

All de day in de field de soft cotton I hoe,
I think of my Jula, an sing as I go;
Oh, I catch her a bird wid a wing ob true blue,
An at night sail her round in my Gum tree canoe.
Singing row away, row, &c.

Wid my hands on de banjo, and toe on de oar,
I sing to de sound ob de riber's soft roar;
While de stars dey look down on my Jula so true,
An dance in her eye in my Gum tree canoe.
Singing row away, row, &c.

But one night de stream bore us so far away,
Dat we couldn't cum back, so we thought we'd jis stay
Oh, we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
An it took us in tow wid my Gum tree canoe.
Singing row away, row, &c.

Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Because it is the end of pork.

Why is it better to be burned to a tree, than to have your head cut off at the block? Because hot steak is better than a cold chop.

I Seen Her at de Window.

Sung by CHARLES WHITE, also, by the Christy's, Campbell's, and the Sable Brothers.

Last night I went to Dina's house, to see if my lub had
been dar,
I cast my eyes up at de house, and saw her at de win-
dow;
So in I went to see my dear, and I met her sister 'Manda,
Dey was seated round de fire-place, pickin' de ole gray
gander.

Chorus: I seen her at de window,
'Twas my dear Lucinda;
She dress'd so neat, an look'd so sweet,
I'd gib my life to bin in dar.

I took a seat down by my lub, an we talked about de
matter,
I axed her if she'd marry me, but her modder wouldn't
let her;
I told her if she'd run away, I'd take her down de riber,
I'd gib her all de money I had, likewise my heart and
liber.
I seen her at de window, &c.

Dar was a nigger by de name ob Joe, who long did lub
dis lady,
He serenaded her at night, and like to sot her crazy;
I found dat she loved music so, and I had often been
dar,
I'd sing all night wid de ole banjo, "I seen her at de
window."
I seen her at de window, &c.

My lub and me hab both turned one, we mean to lib to-
gedder,
No nigger now can part us, for we've tied de knot for
eber;
So white gents, if you want a gal, and see her at de
window,
Go dat night and serenade, and I bet my life you get in
dar. I seen her at de window, &c.

Revolutionary Echoes.

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Oh, come my boys, attention give, an a song I'll sing to you,
Although the story may be old, the song you'll say is new;
Its about de Revolution days, which de world did all admire,
When in de hearts ob patriots brave, glowed patriotic fire.

Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire.

Chorus: Then, hurah for de days ob old,
Then, hurah for de days ob old,
When ebery man and woman too,
Was a hero, I've been told.

Dar was a man among de rest, and Washington was his name,
An all de folks said he was de best, he had such a mighty frame;
He neber feared de enemy, but 'when oder men would tire,
He wid his Continentallers, would meet de red coats' fire.

Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire.

Chorus: An a running dey would go,
An a running dey would go,
For dey thought they'd got a little dose,
Ob de fire down below.

Dars a place out here called Bunker Hill, whar de monument does stand,
Its de spot whar Massa Warren fell, a fighting for his land;

De Yankees were told to save dar shot, till de enemy
should get nigher,
An when dey saw de white ob dar eye, dey got de word
to fire.
Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire.

Chorus: But dey could not beat de foe,
But dey could not beat de foe,
An many a gallant heart that day,
Was in de dust laid low.

But dar was anudder little hill, what dey call de Dor
ch'ster Heights,
Whar dey built a fort, and cannon set, all in a single
night;
When de British General saw the game, he thought he
should suspire;
So he sent an invitation for de Yankees to stop dar fire.
Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire.

Chorus: But 'twas no use a talking so,
It was no use a talking so,
For de Yankees had found a patent way,
To make de red coats go.

Why was the New York volunteers, in Mexico, like good shoe-makers? Because they cut up Spanish hides, hammered souls, and pegged them to the last.

Why are the shad fishermen of the Potomac river, like the keepers of a lunatic asylum? Because their customers come to them insane.

Why is the law prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors like epitaphs? Because they record the memory of departed spirits.

What kind of an end does a shoemaker come to? A wax end.

Go Down in de Barn-Yard.

As sung by B. F. STANTON, the Wonderful Banjoist at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, N. Y.

Day has gone, night has come,
De nigga takes his rest,
Den hand de banjo down to play,
Kase de white folks like it best.

Chorus: Den stay a little while, don't make a noise,
Massa's fast asleep,
Go down in de barn-yard, wake up de boys,
And have a little banjo beat.

I brought Susanna from her home,
To walk down in de fields;
She stuck fast up to her neck in a ditch,
An cculdn't get out for her heels.
Den stay a little while, &c.

The telegraph is very swift,
But a nigga's foot is swifter,
I'll go down to old Virginny,
An marry Pop Miller's sister.
Den stay a little while, &c.

Susanna she is royal blood,
To de great Victorianna;
I is her own true lub,
An plays on dis piano.
Den stay a little while, &c.

When a mother puts her child to sleep, what two places near New York does it remind you of? Sing Sing and Rockaway.

Why did General Taylor during the Mexican campaign, become a great favorite? Because his general worth has been duly appreciated.

Jim Crow Polka.

As sung by H. Neil, in White's Band of Serenaders, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, Bowery, N. Y.

Now listen to what I am going to say,
It am de fashion ob de day,
Both old and young to hab dar way,
To try to dance de Polka.
When first I 'ribed in dis place,
Dey took me for a harden case,
An de whites stared me in de face,
Saying, "he can dance the Polka."

Chorus: Then up and down, fast and slow,
Heel and toe, and away we go·
Oh, what delight it is to know
The fancy Jim Crow Polka.

My lubly Rose I chanc'd to meet,
As I was walkin' down de street;
She took a squint down at my feet,
Saying, "you can dance the Polka."
Says I, "now Rose, you are mistaken,
Just from your sleep you have awaken;"
De wench then, to save her bacon,
She tried to dance the Polka.

Chorus: Then up and down, fast and slow
Heel and toe, and away we go,
Oh, what a delight it is to know
The fancy Jim Crow Polka.

The Mexicans they knew quite well,
A place dey call de chapparell,
But General Taylor named the swell,
Gunpowder and the Polka.
A Mexican gentleman, it's said,
He got so mad he swallowed his head;
A few days after he was dead,
He tried to dance the Polka.
Then up and down, fast and slow, &c.

Question.—What word is it in the English language, that the first two letters signify a man; the three first, a woman; the four first, a great man; and the whole, a great woman? Heroine.

Why is the hottest day in summer like a sucking pig? Because it is a roaster.

Why is a banjo-player like a pickpocket? Because he fingers for the notes.

Suppose there was three brothers, and each had a sister, how many would there be in the family? Four; the sister is the only sister to all three.

Johnny Booker at de Bowling Green.

Sung by the great Cool White, at the Melodeon Saloon, Bowery, New York.

Oh, once upon a time,
Oh, once upon a time,
Dis ole darkee used to go,
To hear Johnny Booker and his ole banjo.

Chorus: Den I strut in my long tail blue,
Yes, I strut in my long tail blue,
An all dese darkies can be seen,
Strutting down to de Bowling Green.
Repeat: Yes, I strut in my long tail blue,
Oh, I strut in my long tail blue,
Dis nigger he is always seen,
Brushing down to de Bowling Green.

Next dar rose a cloud,
Yes, next dar rose a cloud,
But de only cloud dat could be seen,
Was Johnny Booker at de Bowling Green.
Den I strut in my long tail blue, &c.

Next I went a courtin',
Yes, next I went a courtin',
But cut in lub, by a dark, I mean,
Dis same Booker, ob de Bowling Green.
Den I strut in my long tail blue, &c.

But now de time hab come,
Yes, now de time hab come,
Dis nigger's happy, and no more is seen,
Ob Johnny Booker at de Bowling Green.
Den I strut in my long tail blue, &c.

Suppose General Taylor should ask us darkies to take a drink with him, why would he never ask us again? Because he never re-treats.

Life by the Galley Fire.

As sung by WHITE's Band of Serenaders, at the Melodeon, N. Y

A life by de galley fire,
  Where de coppers am boiling wild,
Who would not dis life admire,
  Exactly suits dis child.
As through de streets I strut,
  Like a fish widout a fin,
O, give me de old caboose,
  Where I can lay back and grin.

Chorus: A life by de galley fire
Where de coppers am boiling wild,
Who would not dis life admire,
Exactly suits dis child.
It suits, it suits, it suits, it suits,
Exactly suits dis child.

When into de galley I set,
  De good segars I smokes,
Dar's many a colored gal,
  In lub wid dis old cook.
An when de captain's done,
  De basket I controls;
An de vittles I serve out,
  To de poor and hungry souls.
    A life by de galley fire, &c.

When in de caboose I go,
  De turkeys and gobblers look,
For den dey all do know
  Dat I am de slaughter cook.
De turkeys look in my face—
  De gobblers wink dar eye,
For den dey know full well,
  Dat one ob de flock must die.
    A life by de galley fire &c.

Dandy Broadway Swell.

As sung by GEO. WRAY, at the Melodeon, J. Raynor of the Christy's, and S. A. Wells, of the Dumbolton Troupe.

You may talk of dandy niggers,
But you neber seed this coon
A promenading Broadway,
On a Sunday arternoon.
I'm de sole delight ob yaller gals,
De envy ob de men,
Observe dis nigger when he turns,
And talk of dandies den.

Chorus: For he's de kick, de go, de cheese,
As ebery one can tell;
De dark fair sex he's sure to please,
He's de dandy Broadway swell.

My new sack coat is padded, &c
For to make my shoulders broad,
You would tink I was beau Hinkman,
You would, upon my word.
I got a pair of moustaches too,
An I lost dem todder day;
De wind was high, de glue was bad,
An so dey blowed away.
For he's de kick, de go, de cheese, &c.

I hab a double eye-glass,
Dat shuts up in a case,
An a black silk cravat dat suits
De spression ob my face.
My linen cuffs an collars,
Looks beautifully white;
An by gosh, I tink dey ought,
For I wash 'em ebery night.
For he's de kick, de go, de cheese, &c.

I hab a new watch guard chain,
Dat I bought ob Uncle Pete,
But my watch I left for safety,
By a man in Chatham-street.

Wid cane an coat, an fancy vest,
French trowserloons an hat,
An grand imperial, which I cut
From de back ob our ole cat.
For he's de kick, de go, de cheese, &c.

Dis nigger's name is Count Julius Cæsar
Mars Napoleon Sinclair Brown,
De biggest bug, de greatest swell,
In all de country round.
So look out gals, an mind youself,
For when I roll dis eye,
You'll give a kick, a scratch, a groan.
An den fall down an die.

You'll See dem on de Ohio.

Sung by G. WRAY, in White's Band of Serenaders, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, N. Y.

Our labor is over—we'll work no more,
But turn to de cabin merrily,
Den old fat cuff will fotch de stuff,
Dat makes de poor niggers feel cheerily.

Chorus: You'll see dem on de Ohio, Ohio, Ohio,
You'll see dem on de Ohio, Ohio, Ohio.

Let de niggers outside, if de cracks aint too wide,
Peep through de casement drearily;
An wish dey were in, a drinkin' some gin,
Dat de colored folks love so cheerily.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
You'll see dem on de Ohio, Ohio, &c.

Ole Cuff, he come too, dat nigger so true,
Who'll take a good glass when wearily;
An sweet is de tone ob dat same old jaw bone,
Dat de colored man plays so cheerily.
You'll seen dem on de Ohio, Ohio, &c.

Its my delight ob a shiny night,
While de yaller gal sings so merrily,
I can't help but shake, or else my heart 'll break,
While de colored folks play so cheerily.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
You'll see dem on de Ohio, Ohio, &c.

Come to de ole Gum Tree.

As sung by the great COOL WHITE, at the Melodeon, New York; and all the principal cities in the Union.

Come to de ole Gum tree,
Whar de coon an de possum prance;
O, come you nigs wid me,
An join in de jovial dance.
Solo: De coon he is above us,
His meat is in de tree,
We know dat he don't lub us,
But fond ob him are we.
Chorus: Den come to de ole Gum tree, &c.

Oh, de wood an its yaller leaves,
Oh, de cotton plants and flowers,
Den come you nigger wid us,
For a merry life is ours.
Solo: Around and above us,
De banjo's sweet notes,
An de voice ob de niggers,
Come rolling from dar throats.
Den come to de ole Gum tree, &c.

Come to de ole oak tree,
So softly, boys, as you can,
An we'll go to de old Gum tree,
An catch dat coon if we can.
Solo: Dat nigger plays de fiddle,
An I de tamborine;
We am de happiest set ob niggers,
Dat eber 'fore was seen.
Den come to de ole Gum tree, &c.

The Dancing Lucy Long.

Danced by the inimitable MAST. MARKS; sung by White's Band of Serenaders.

Oh, I jist come out before you, to sing a little song,
I play it on de banjo, an I call it Lucy Long

Chorus: So take your time, Miss Lucy,
Take your time, Miss Lucy Long,
Take your time, Miss Lucy,
Oh, Lucy, Lucy Long.

Oh, if I had a scolding wife, I'd whip her sure your born,
I'd take her down to New Orleans, and trade her off for corn.

So take your time, Miss Lucy, &c.

I took Miss Lucy walking, I did not mind expense,
I bought her dat ere parasol, it cost me eighteen pence

Chorus: So take your time, Miss Lucy,
Take your time, Miss Lucy Long,
Take your time, Miss Lucy,
Oh, Lucy, Lucy Long.

Miss Lucy, when she trabels, she always leaves de mark
Ob her footsteps in de gravel, you can see dem in de dark.

So take your time, Miss Lucy, &c.

The world was made in six days, an 'twas built up very strong,
But I guess it took de sebenth, to finish Lucy Long.

So take your time, Miss Lucy, &c.

Lucy cuts de widgeon ping, and dances fancy reels,
Fust time I eber seen her, I cotch'd her skinnin' eels.

So take your time, Miss Lucy, &c.

Question.—Suppose I should draw off and hit you in the eye, why would that be like a monied transaction? Because it would be a note of hand delivered at sight.

Why is a married man like an opposition steamboat? Because he is liable to be blown up very often.

Why is a young goat asleep like a dangerous member of society? Because he is a kidnapping.

Why is it nearly fatal to fall down a well? Because your pretty sure to kick the bucket.

Why is a carpenter's chisel like good soap? Because it is cast steel.

The Plantation Dance.

OLD TAR RIVER.

As sung by B. F. STANTON, and danced by Mast. Marks and Charles White, at the Melodeon, N. Y.

Way down South in de Alabama,
Ow, ah, ow, ah, ow, ah,
'Twas there I met my old aunt Hannah,
Rum tum, ti it ti, udale doo

Vinegar shoes and paper stockings,
Ow, ah, ow, ah, ow, ah,
Set to me Miss Polly Hopkins,
Rum tum, ti it ti, udale doo.

De puttiest thing in all creation,
Ow, ah, ow, ah, ow, ah,
Is a little yaller gal in de wild goose nation,
Rum tum, ti it ti, udale doo.

Blow away ye gentle breezes,
Ow, ah, ow, ah, ow, ah,
All among de 'cimmon treeses,
Rum tum ti it ti, udale doc.

Dar I'll set wid de muses,
Ow, ah, ow, ah, ow, ah,
Mendin' my old boots and shoeses,
Rum tum, ti it ti, udale doo.

I've play'd upon de banjo, till I begin to sweat,
Ow, ah, ow, ah, ow, ah,
I'll knock down de jaw bone, and bust de claronet,
Rum tum, ti it ti, udale do.

Ole Clem's Coon Hunt.

Words by CHARLES WHITE, and sung by all the Minstrel Companies throughout the United States.

I hab cross'd ober fences, and run through de fields,
A chasing de coon on his track,
But not one coon hab I cotch'd in a month,
So I better sit down an grieve ob my luck.

Chorus: Oh, Clem, Clem, Clem, Clem,
You are too old now to hunt de coon.

But a short time ago, I was nimble and young,
An suple as nigger could be,
But now I'se grown old, and my head has turned gray,
An such sports are all ober wid me.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, I'm too old to hunt, &c.

Farewell to de cornfields, whar oft times we sweat,
A raking an hoeing de corn;
An dat good old fence whar I've crossed so oft,
At de sound ob de ole dinner horn.
Clem, Clem, Clem, you are too old, &c.

BANJO SOLOS,

OF JUBA, HARD TIMES, WALK IN JOE, AND ROCK SUSANNA

Sung by the great Banjo-player, B. F. STANTON, with deafening shouts of applause, in White's Band of Serenaders.

Juba.

Ruberii, de cimmon seed, seed de Billy hop in jist in time,
Juba dis, Juba dat, round de kittle ob possum fat;
A-hoop a-hoy, a-hoop a hoy, double step for Juberii,
Sandy crab, de macreli, ham, and half a pint ob Juba.

Want to borrow two or three eggs, a picayune a dozen,
Stir about de hominy hot, de pig is in de cellar;
Neighbor, neighbor, lend me your axe, lend you mine to-morrow,
I keeps de axe to use myself, who'll turn de grindstone.

Forty pound of candle greese, sittin' on de mantle-
piece,
Don't you see ole Granny Grace, she look so ugly in de
face;
Yankee Doodle come to town, claim Maria for his own,
Git up dar you little nigger, can't you pat for Juba.

Up de wall, down the 'tition, gib me a knife sharp as
sickle,
To cut dat nigger's wizen pipe, dat eat up all de sas-
sengers;
Apple jack with venison sauce, sittin' by de fire-place,
One eye up de dinner-pot, an t'other up de stove-pipe.

Make de fire most too hot, fotch along de waterin' pot,
Bake de bread, gib me de crust, shock de corn, gib me de
husk,
Bile de beef, gib me de bone, gib me a kick and send me
home,
Peel de tater, gib me de skin, and dats de way she suck
me in.

Shadrack an Abednego, don't care whether I hit 'em or no,
Eighteen pence an a peck ob corn, milk de cow wid de
crumple horn,
Gib me a quart, gib me some, I'm gettin' a pitcher full,
Stay back, stay back, bucket full ob Juba.

Hard Times.

I get up in de morning about de brake of bay,
I went down to de riber my canoe gone away,
When I go to de riber de riber rather wide,
I look ober yonder, my canoe de oder side.

Pick goose, pick gander, run about, look yander,
I didn't go way to come back, don't stand a foolin',
But gib me chaw tobackey, den hurrah for hard times,
Last Saturday night de nigger went huntin',
De dog run de wholer, de wholer run de tiger,
De tiger run de nigger, de nigger run de debil.

Spoken : Dey all run togedder an dis nigger run rite arter dem.

My mammy was a wolf, my daddy was a tiger,
An I'm what you call de old Virginia nigger ;
Half fire, half smoke, a little touch of thunder,
I'm what dey call de eighth wonder.

I went to de mill for to see de miller,
Says I, ole miller aint you got a chaw tobackey,
De miller had three dogs, one name Jowler,
De oder named Ranger, de oder ole Hard Times.

Ole aunt Kate, at de garden gate,
Sift de meal, give me de husk,
Bake de bread an gib me de crust—
She boil de meat, gib me de skin,
Dats de way she sucked me in,
Can't you cum ? I guess I kin.

Walk in Joe.

Sheep's meat is too good for colored people,
Sheep's meat is too good for niggers ;
When I went into de house, no one dar except a mouse,
Sittin' by de fire-place, dar was a rat eatin' greese.

Banjo symphony : Walk in Joe,
Walk in Joe,
Walk in Joe, now I'll be your friend John,
A long way to go, an no money for to spend.

Black my boots in de kitchen,
Sebenty-five cents to de quarter ;
Black 'em wid ole Day & Martin, make 'em shine an dat for sartin,
Massa sue me for de treason, 'kase he couldn't, dats de reason.

Walk in Joe,
Walk in Joe,
Walk in Joe, now I'll be your friend John,
A long way to go, an aint got a red cent.

De ole gray cat oved de honey,
De ole gray cat loved de honey,
He loved de honey mighty well, he eat so much he 'gan
to swell,
An in de honey pot he fell, he couldn't get out its strange
to tell.

Walk in Joe,
Walk in Joe,
Walk in Joe, now I'll be your friend John,
A long way to go, and aint got a picayune.

Rock Susanna.

Old Simon Buckheart,
Old Simon Buckheart,
Kept a full sale grocery;
He didn't have but two peck measures,
One held about a quart,
An t'other didn't hold a pint by a jug full.

Chorus: Rock Susanna, an fare you well,
Fare you well, for I'm gwine away.

Clothes on de hill side,
Clothes on de hill side,
An I tink I see de debble
Comin' down de hill
On a big wooden spade.
Rock Susanna, an fare you well, &c.

Oh, de ole gray cat,
Oh, de ole gray cat,
Chased de long tail rat,
From de fodder to de hay stack,
Wid a peck ob corn a pon his back,
An a bushel ob meal a top a that,
An anudder one right on top a that.
Rock Susanna, an fare you well, &c.

ORIGINAL SONGS.

Julianna Johnson.

Written, arranged, and sung with great applause, by CHARLES WHITE, the famous Negro performer.

Day hab gone, de night hab come
An we niggers take our rest;
Ob all de gals dat come dis way,
Julianna suits me best.

Chorus: Julianna Johnson, don't you cry,
Ise gwine away to leabe you,
Wait a little while, an I'll come by an by
Don't let my parting griebe you.

Julianna she is verry tall,
An slender 'bout de waist;
She's got such a pair of lubly lips,
How I long for dem to taste.
Julianna Johnson, don't you cry, &c.

I took Julianna from her home,
An we trabled thro' de fields;
She got fast to a ditch, and couldn't get out,
For de largeness ob dem heels.
Julianna Johnson don't you cry, &c.

De rail-road dat am mighty swift,
But de nigger's legs am swifter;
An I'll go down to ole Virginny,
An marry Pop Miller's sister.
Julianna Johnson, don't you cry, &c

Julianna she is royal blood,
To de great Victorianna;
An I am her betrothed lub,
Kase I plays de ole pianer.
Julianna Johnson, don't you cry, &c.

Fader Miller's daughter sent me word,
An sealed it in a letter;
She said my lub she'd never be,
An it broke my heart for eber.
Julianna Johnson don't you cry, &c

I must go to Richmond.

Written and sung by CHARLES WHITE, at the Melodeon, N.

De oder day old Jarsey Joe,
Went out wid Sue de corn to hoe;
But he hoed it down wid de toe an heel,
Till de ground was hard, it would peel.

Chorus: I must go to Richmond,
I must go to Richmond,
I must go to Richmond, if I can get a chance,
I must go to Richmond, to see de niggers dance

I drove to de mill to get some meal,
But de mud stuck in my ole cart wheel!
Den my oxen down in a horse track slip,
But I pull him out wid a hickory whip.
I must go to Richmond, &c.

Den come a painter from de woods,
He began to tear off my dry goods;
Says I, massa wild puss, you my rail,
So I scratch out his eyes wid my toe nail.
I must go to Richmond, &c.

I rode to de riber, my horse to swim,
I got brushed off wid a poplar limb;
I hung to de limb, an hit him such a crack,
Now he looks like a camel wid a hump on his back.
I must go to Richmond, &c.

I went a fishing de oder day,
Into a steamboat down de bay;
I jerk my line much harder dan I oughter,
An I pull de steamboat out ob de water.
I must go to Richmond, &c.

Carry me back to ole Virginny.

Composed, arranged, and sung by CHARLES WHITE, the celebrated Negro performer, at the Melodeon, N. Y., and in all the principal cities and towns in the United States.

De floating scow ob ole Virginny,
Dat I worked in from day to day,
A raking amongst de oysters' bed,
To me it was but play;
But now I'm old and feeble too,
I cannot work any more,
Den take me back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

Oh, if I was but young again,
I would lead a different life,
An I'd save my money, an buy a farm,
An take Dina for my wife

But now old age he holds me tight,
An my limbs are growing sore,
Den take me back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

Oh, when I'm dead an gone to rest,
Lay de ole banjo by my side,
Let de possum an coon to de funeral go,
For dey was my only pride ;
Den in soft repose I take my sleep,
An I'll dream for eber more,
Dat I'm taken back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

Lubly Clemintine.

Words by CHARLES WHITE, and sung by the Band of Ethiopian Minstrels, and Sable Sisters.

He.—Oh list, oh list to me an I will tell you,
How I lub my Clemintine ;
She is to me de dearest treasure,
An I'se gwine to make her mine.

Chorus : Tol lol lol lol lol lol lol la la la la.

She.—Oh ! Squash, you know I lub you, an it griebes me to tink
Dat I'm a slave and 'bliged to work ;
For lub like ours am pure an bright,
Yes, brighter far dan de stars ob night.
Tol lol lol lol lol lol lol la la la la.

Both.—In de ebening, love, we'll steal away,
An slyly leabe ole massa's house ;
We'll join our hearts in anudder land,
An bid farewell to de sunny Souf.
Tol lol lol lol lol lol lol la la la la.

Cornfield Chorus.

Words by CHARLES WHITE, and sung by the Band of Ethiopian Minstrels.

Oh, how sweet to me, when de sun I see,
A blazing so full in de morn,
Like a ball ob fire, it shoots higher an higher,
When we are going to rake de corn.
'Tis den I feel just like an eel,
Or a hawk when he's gwine to roost;
Till de drivers come, and we lumber from home,
To start on our morning cruise.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Now de niggers prepare for to do dar work,
When de horn begins for to blow;
An de lizzard and snakes hab to leabe de track,
When de darkies begin to hoe.
Den we scamper away an go to work,
An we all commence dis song;
Now work away, for to-night we play,
An we'll sound de tamborine.

Dem Niggers am Dead an Gone.

Composed and sung by CHARLES WHITE, the great unrivalled Negro Delineator.

Oh, white folks, I'll revibe to you,
Dem good old songs dat once was new;
De fust I'll name, was all de go,
'Bout de dancing nigger dey call Jim Crow

Chorus: Peace go wid dem niggers,
Peace go wid dem niggers,
Peace go wid dem niggers,
For dey am dead and gone.

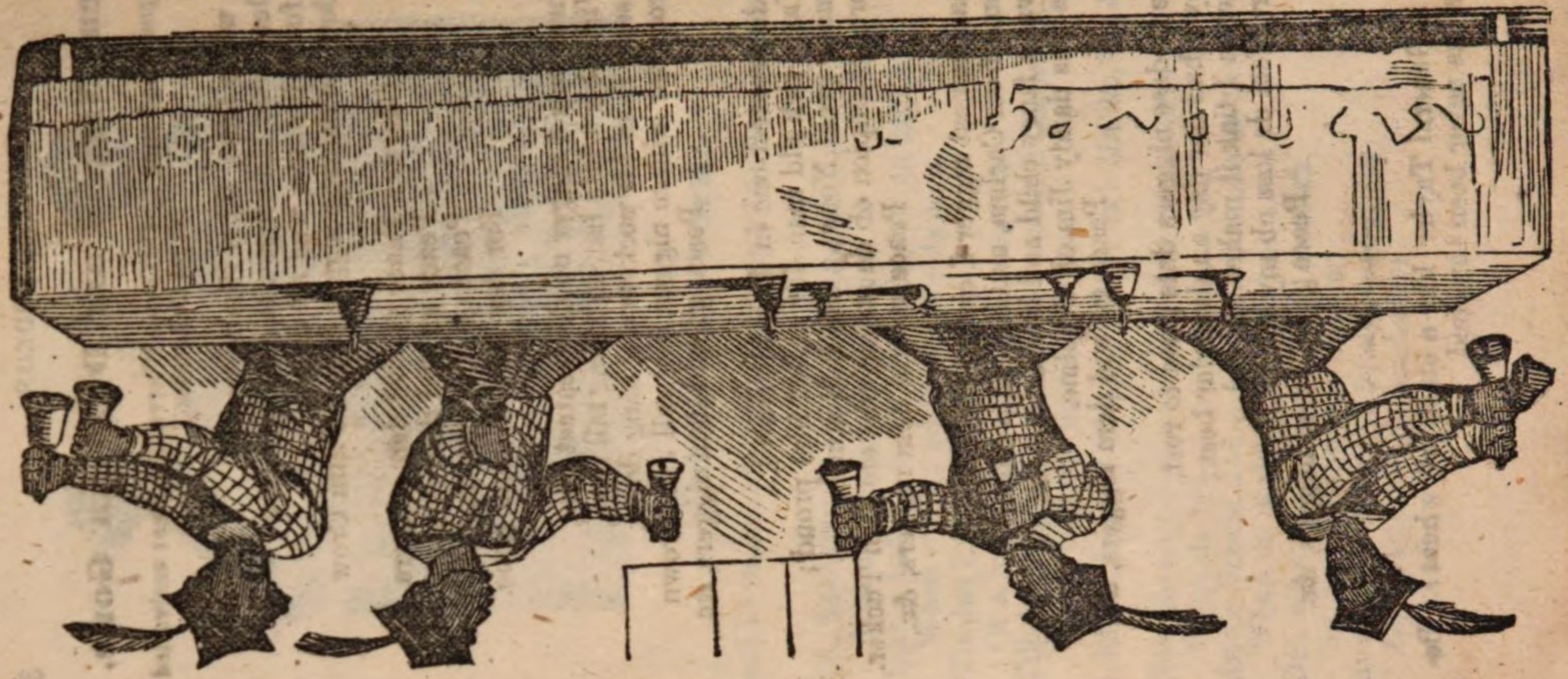
De next was a nigger ob de greatest note,
Wid a big white hat an a long tail coat;
Big seals from his pockets did hang down,
From dat science nigger, dey call Jim Brown
Peace go wid dem niggers, &c

But de greatest one in de sable crowd,
Was a rich old man dey called him proud;
He made great Norway Ole Bull stutter,
For a champion ob de string, was ole Dan Tucker.
Peace go wid dem niggers, &c.

De handsomest nigger I eber did know,
Come from Carlina, as black as a crow;
He was a fancy child and bound to shine,
Dis was dandy Jim ob Caroline.
Peace go wid dem niggers, &c.

Peace to dese niggers dats gone to rest,
Dey'b had dar day an done dar best;
But when I tink it makes me sad,
For I feel de loss ob my Ole Dad.
Peace go wid dem niggers, &c.

Why is General Taylor like a stack of wheat? Because he has never been thrashed



Bell Ringer's Medley.

Words by C. WHITE, and sung by his Band, in the Burlesque of the Virginia Bell Ringers.

Silence, silence, don't strike a bell or speak,
Silence, silence, dis music am so sweet;
We'll touch dese bells, and to you show,
De music dat from dem doth flow.
Silence, silence, and hear dose vesper bells,
Strike de notes, strike de notes, we are de cow-bell band
Ring away, ring away so steadily;
Strike again, strike again, for old Virginny land,
For dat am de place for melody.

Now white folks we're a going to sing,
An let you hear dese cow-bells ring;
We am not de Campanlogians dat cum from Germany
But de clar grit niggers from de state of Tenisee.

Chorus: Oh, we are de Cowbellogers,
An de General Taylor sojers,
You can tell us by our fedders,
Den ring, boys ring, we am a science band.

Ole Tucker had a nice big farm,
De bees around his house did swarm;
His barn was full ob cattle, his pen full ob sows,
An dese ole bells was rung by his cows.
Ring de bells,
Ring de bells,
Ring de bells, an show your figures,
Laugh and grin you jolly niggers.

When Tucker died, he made his will,
He left Mary Blane a trough ob swill;
Dar's one bell here wat he gib to Diana,
De handle's made out ob de leg of Santa Anna

De biggest fool I eber saw,
Was Santa Anna—he broke his jaw;
He den got up an run like a sinner,
He luff his leg behind, along wid his dinner.

We've receibed a note from Mexico,
An to dat place we mean to go;
We'll ring dese bells all ober de land,
From Newtown creek to de Rio Grande.

Happy are we Darkies so Gay.

Arranged and sung by CHARLES WHITE, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, New Ycrk.

Oh happy are we niggers so gay,
Come let us sing and laugh while we play,
The serenaders' favorite lay,
Oh, come let us sing and laugh while we play.
Music delicious,
Ah, den how sweet,
Your kind applause,
We all hope to meet.
Ha ha ha ha ha laugh while we play,
Ha ha ha ha ha laugh while we play.

Oh, Madam Celeste, she has de mind,
To dance and act de great pantomine;
Ellsler, de great, she has de face,
To dance de chowchocker wid elegant grace.
Dancing delicious,
To such grace,
Very small ankles,
And pretty face,
Oh, happy are we, &c.

But we serenaders wid blackened face,
Have not altogedder de mind or de grace;
Ob dese great dancers so greatly extolled,
But hab de harmony wid music threefold.
Music delicious,
Ah, den how sweet,
Your kind applause,
We all hope to meet.
Oh, happy are we, &c.

Mary Blane.

Composed, arranged, and sung by CHARLES WHITE, the unrivalled Accordianist, and Negro delineator.

I once did know a pretty gal,
An I took her for my wife;
She came from Mississippi,
An I loved her more dan life.
We happy libed togedder,
She neber caused me pain;
But on one dark an dreary night,
I lost my Mary Blane.

Chorus: Den farewell, farewell, poor Mary Blane
One faithful heart will think ob you;
Farewell, farewell, poor Mary Blane,
If we never meet again.

While in de woods, I went one night,
A hunting for some game;
A nigger came to my ole hut,
An stole my Mary Blane.
Long time 's gone by, it grieb'd me much,
To think no tidings came;
I went down to de riber's side,
To hunt poor Mary Blane.
Oh, farewell, farewell, &c.

I often asked for Mary Blane,
My massa he did scold;
An said you sassy nigger boy,
If you must know, she's sold
If dat's de case she cannot live,
Throughout dis weary life;
Den let me die, an lay me by
My poor broken-hearted wife.

In a little darkey church-yard lies,
De form ob my dear Mary;
An when I'm dead, 'twill not be long,
My tomb-stone dar you'll see.

De words read thus, "here lies a dark,"
De stone won't tell my name,
But on de odder you will see,
Heart-broken Mary Blane.
Oh, farewell, farewell, &c.

Virginia's lovely Ground.

Written and sung by that highly popular Ethiopian performer CHARLES WHITE, of the N. Y. Melodeon.

On ole Virginia's lovely ground,
Many an hour I've lazed away,
In list'ning to de banjo's sound,
Dat come from de hut across de way.
Sweating, I leaned on my ole hoe,
An gazed upon de cornfields fair;
Wondering why dey would not grow,
Widout dis darky's hoe was dar.
Oh ho, oh ho, oh ho, on ole Virginia's, &c.

Oh, how delightful 'tis to stand,
Where silky tops an corn leaves meet,
Looking at de new hoed land,
As it crumbles at our feet.
To watch young Dinah as she trips,
Her feet along de sparkling green;
An chased by Sam, away she clips,
De prettiest gal I eber seen.
Oh ho oh ho oh ho, on old Virginia's, &c.

To hear de sound ob de banjo sigh,
As dis ole darkey am going to sleep
While de pale moon am berry high,
An through de rafters it does peep.
An dat old hut whar Dinah dwells,
I see it now as here I stand;
What dat ole banjo's music swells,
An makes me bless Virginia's land.
Oh ho oh ho ho ho, on old Virginia's. &c.

Gal wid de Blue Dress on.

Composed, arranged, and sung by CHARLES WHITE, the popular Accordionist, at the Melodeon Concert Room, N. Y.

Now, white folks I'll sing to you,
About my dearest Dina;
Oh! she's de gal dat stole my heart,
Way down in Alabama.
She was tall an slender 'bout de waist,
An beautiful as Wenus;
Ob all de gals I eber did see,
She was de greatest genus.
Chorus: Den give me de gal wid de blue dress on,
Dat de white folks call Susanna,
She stole my heart and away she's gone,
Way down in Alabama.

Oh! she had eyes just like de dove,
An a foot like de jiraffum;
An when she rolled dem eyes at me,
I thought I'd die a laffin'.
But when my lub did promenade,
De people would stop what saw her;
She was de nicest gal dey eber did see,
Except de great Victoria.
Den give me de gal, &c.

I took my lub to a ball last night,
An when we went to supper,
She fainted an ober de table fell,
An stuck her head in de butter.
Dey used camphene to fotch her too,
But den it was too later;
A turkey leg run in her eye,
An she choaked to death wid a tater.
Den give me de gal, &c.

Why was Boz a greater man than Shakspeare? Because Shakspeare wrote well, but Boz wrote Weller.

Rail Road Travel.

Composed, arranged, and sung by CHARLES WHITE, the immense popular Negro delineator, at the Melodeon, N. Y.

Oh, de steamboat,
Oh, de steamboat,
Oh, de steamboat makes a mightly splutter,
And when de biler bursts it lands you in de water.

Chorus. Rail road trabel's gettin' all de go,
'Kase de hoss boat an steamboat goes so mighty slow.

Oh, de hoss boat,
Oh, de hoss boat,
De hoss boat can trabel, if de wedder wet or dry,
An noffin' can stop you if de ole hoss die.
Rail road trable, &c.

Oh, de mail coach,
Oh, de mail coach,
Oh, de mail coach is good to cure de gout,
It will rattle off your buttons and turn you inside out.
Rail road trable, &c.

Oh, de telimagraph,
Oh, de telimagraph,
De telimagraph's good for to transport de lightnen,
to git de news from Mexico, when de Yankees is a fighten'.
Rail road trable, &c.

Oh, de bullgemirim,
Oh, de bullgemirim,
De bullgemirim goes so fast, dey trable out ob sight,
An de only way you get to eat, is to stop an take a bite.

Why is a Broadway dandy like the Mexican army?
Because they always run at the sight of a tailor.

Old Tucker's Wedding.

Composed by CHARLES WHITE, of the Melodeon, N. Y

Oh! I should like to marry,
Some colored gemmen fine;
Yes, one dat plays de fiddle,
Would 'zactly suit my mind.
He must not be too common,
Or knotty in his hair;
But like de muder of Wenus,
In beauty must compare.

Chorus: Den tune up de fiddle,
An' let de banjo sound,
Ole Dan Tucker's married
De beauty ob de town.

Arter marriage we'll go in business,
As sure as you are born;
An you can sweep the chimblums,
At night can sell hot corn.

I can renovate de coats, lub,
An help you in your task;
Fortune den smiles on us,
Foreber to de last.
Den tune up de fiddle, &c.

Dat ole Roast Possum.

Composed and arranged by CHARLES WHITE, and sung by all the Minstrel Bands.

Oh! I lub it, I lub it, dat ole roast possum,
Wid de trimmins ob de coon, an some greens where I cotch him,
'Tis a berry luscious dish, when de appetite am good,
An de ingin puddin' wid it, den it am de best of food.
'Tis den I long to sit by de table wid my lub,
An watch de little niggers, while dey are eatin ob de grub,
Oh, tis den we are so happy, when we all set a watchin'
As de last piece go from de bones ob de possum.

An when we see de last ob de possum's remains,
Old Dinah moves de dishes wid de greatest ob pains;
An by de time de room is cleared, de niggers begin to come.
When dey all prepare to dance an to hab a little fun;
Den ole Cesar wid his banjo, goes an takes his place,
An plays up dem ole tunes, suited to de nigger's taste,
Den we dance away till midnight, till de owls begin to screech,
An de bullfrogs an de crickets, am woke up from dar sleeps.

Why are butchers the greatest thieves? Because they are continually steeling their knives.

The Old Pine Tree.

Words by CHARLES WHITE, and sung by his Band of Minstrels, at the Melodeon, N. Y.

Oh, darkies now I'm gwine to sing,
De truth to you I'll tell,
Ob happy days dat I hab seen,
Wid my dear Nancy Bell.
O, I wish dat I was back again,
Way down in Tennisee,
Wid my dear Nancy by my side,
Beneath de old pine tree.

Chorus: 'Tis many a night since first we met,
Beneath dat ole pine tree,
An dar we told our tales ob lub,
How happy we would be.

My lub has left me long ago,
Whar she is, no one can tell,
An I am nearly crazy now,
For my dear Nancy Bell;
But I dreamt last night, when all was still,
Dat she'd come back to me,
An I would yet see happy days,
Beneath de old pine tree.
'Tis many a night, &c.

I quite forgot I was so old,
It seems to me a dream,
Dat three score years hab past an gone,
Since I was seventeen;
But everything is right at last,
An Nancy's true to me,
An when we die, oh let us rest,
Beneath de old pine tree.
'Tis many a night, &c.

The Minstrel Band.

Composed, arranged, and sung by CHARLES WHITE, the immense popular performer and Negro delineator, of the Melodeon.

Full chorus:
Strike boys, strike, wid all your might,
An make de fiddle ring;
We'll please de white folks here to-night,
An sound de tamborine.

Solo for one voice.
We are from a place, we don't know whar,
Ten miles from sea or land;
We've trabled all dis continent,
Wid dis, our darkey band.
Our names are Julius, Clem, an Crow,
Wid Erastus, an his brudder;
We all belong to one family,
But neber seen our mudder.

Full chorus:
Strike boys, strike, wid all your might,
An make de fiddle ring;
We'll please de white folks here to-night,
An sound de tamborine.

For we've 'sembled here to make a laugh,
An please de white folks all,
Wid bones, banjo, an ole tambo,
The accordion an all.

Solo for one voice:
There is nothing here that can offend,
De feelings ob de most refined;
Our songs are new and genteel too,
An not ob de vulgar kind.
Therefore we hope to meet your smiles,
We do our best to please,
An make a night ob fun an mirth,
Wid our darkey songs an glees.

Possums for Thee.

Composed, arranged, and sung, by CHARLES WHITE, of the N. Y Melodeon.

When soft leaves ob corn are flowing,
To make 'em grow we try,
An de warm suns are shining,
Wid de heat we almost die;
Like de sweet banjo ringing,
Far o'er de fields we see,
Dar came close by me stealing,
Sweet possums for thee.

De bright corn when faded,
Flings forth o'er de fields,
An de dry leaves am dying,
An eaten by de coons;
Den round de corn he'll hover,
In sport de coon you'll see,
Oh, how I long to see dem growing,
Sweet possums for thee.

De sweetest thing (lubs,
Am de possum r de coon,
When cotch'd by our light fingers,
He scarcely make a groan;
Den my young heart trembles,
Dat he must die by me,
An I steep my hands in blood
Of sweet possums for thee.

Fire, Fire, Fire.

Composed and sung by the Pet of Minstrels, Cool White, and received nightly with thunders of applause, at the Head Quarters of all Serenaders and Minstrels, the Melodeon, 53 Bowery, New-York.

I left de husking party late,
I began to grow quite tire,
But 'fore I got to massa's gate,
I heard de cry ob fire.
Chorus: Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire,
An I am bound to go,
Yes, I am bound to go;
Den tote dat bucket ob water, boys,
Dar's fire down below

De fireman rushes to de spot,
What shriek is dat I hear?
De widow hab de child forgot,
'Twill perish yet I fear.
Fire, fire, fire, fire, &c.

De fireman hears dat dreadful cry,
I golly, dat's enough;
De smoke an fire, he both defy,
His skin am thick an tough.
Fire, fire, fire, fire, &c.

Dat shout again, 'tis one ob joy,
De hero now appears,
De widow takes her darling boy,
She thanks him wid her tears.
Fire, fire, fire, fire, &c.

Who's dat knocking at de Door?

Composed, arranged, and sung by CHARLES WHITE, the unrivalled Ethiopian performer.

Down in de woods arter coons one night,
Dar I seed a great big light,
De bulgine scared me so I thought I was no more,
An I run so hard against de house, my head went thro' de door.

Chorus: Who's dat knocking at de door?
Who's dat knocking at de door?

First voice.—Is dat you, Sam?

Second voice.—No, it is Jim,

Third voice.—You aint good looking, an you can't come in,
An its no use knocking at de door any more,
Its no use a knocking at de door.

I hab often heard tell ob habin wives,
But I never heard tell ob one dat hab nine lives,
She was deformed in de limbs, and she had a crooked jaw,
Come from an accident dat happened wid de door.
Who's dat a knocking, &c.

I dress myself up when I get done my work,
An I went to a dance to see de wenches flirt,
Dar was a bull frog in front, and he stretched out his paw
As he jerked off my coat tail a going in de door.
Who's dat knocking, &c.

Going ober to Hobuc, in de steamboat,
De bulgine busted, an we all got afloat,
I swum bery fast to a house near de shore,
An I hung my clothes to dry on de railings round de door.
Who's dat knocking, &c.

Ole Dan Tucker an Dandy Jim is dead,
Dey boff got killed a bucking wid dar head;
Dey boff had a fuss, you ought to heard 'em swore,
An de way dey met dar deff was, a bucking 'gin de door
Who's dat knocking, &c.

Why are the pimples on a man's face or nose, like the engravings of a newspaper? Because they are the illustrations of Punch.

What one letter in the alphabet will spell the word potatoe? The letter O, put them down one at a time until you have put eight o's.

If you was locked up in prison for life, why would you be like an old tree with a rotten trunk? Because you would never leave.

Will you walk into de Cane-brake.

Composed and sung by the great dandy Negro, COOL WHITE, at the Minstrels' Head Quarters, the Melodeon, 53 Bowery, N. Y

Will you walk into de cane-brake,
  Lubly Dinah, wid your Jake,
Who am so constant and so true,
  All for his Dinah's sake.
What am de world to me, den Dinah cum along,
I'll play upon de banjo now, an sing you a new song.

Chorus: Den will you, will you, will you, will you
Come along wid me,
We'll play upon de banjo,
Wid a heart so light an free.

Ole massa he am berry kind,
  An says you may be mine,
An dat no odder darkey here,
  Shall marry lubly Dine.
Nor Cynthia Sue, nor lubly Fan,
  Dis darkey's heart can move,
It am fast fixed an constant to
  Its first an only lub.
Den will you, will you, &c.

I know dat dey will envy me,
  An wish to cause me strife,
When dey find out dat I hab got
  Sweet Dinah for my wife.
But Jake will neber mind 'em,
  His heart am light an free;
De time does glide, my sweetest bride,
  When thou art near to me.
Den will you, will you, &c.

Why is the cupola on the City Hall like Ireland? Because there is a bell fast in it.

Pompey Wright.

Written and composed by CHARLES WHITE, at sung by him at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, 53 Bowery, N. Y.

Repeat: Oh, white folks, we'll sing to night.
Repeat: We'll sing you a song, as we go along,
About Adonis Pompey Wright.

Adonis lived in ole Kentuck,
He was a great swell, an de gals lov'd him well,
An Pompey was quite a buck.

All de darkies was jealous ob him,
An ebery nigger dat had a fine figure,
Swore dey'd cave his head scull in.

So one night dey made a plan,
To cover a stone, to smash his wool bone,
An to drive in his ole brain pan.

Dey tried den Pomp to teaze,
Said he had a soft head, 'twas made ob corn bread,
An he couldn't butt for a cheese.

A smile slid down Pompey's phiz,
He brac'd himself steady, an de niggers cried ready
An in went his moss roof—whiz.

But oh! what a scene was around,
Seven niggers laid dead on de floor, for a bed,
An de stone laid split on de ground.

If all the letters in the alphabet were asked out to supper, why would the letter U be the last one getting there? Because it always comes after T.

Belle ob Tenisee.

Arranged and sung by CHARLES WHITE, in his Band of Serenaders, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, N. Y.

White folks, now have pity,
An listen unto me,
I tell you 'bout a gal I loved,
Dat lived in Tenisee;
Her hair so black an curly,
Her teeth so berry white,
Her eyes dey were just like de stars,
Dey shine so bright at night.

Chorus: Rosa, dearest Rosa,
My heart still beats for thee,
You're de only yaller gal I love,
De belle ob Tenisee.

When I left dat happy spot,
  It griebed my heart full sore,
To think ob leabing her behind,
  An neber see her more.
De tears dey started from my eyes,
  As Rosa said to me,
"My dearest Joe, don't leabe me so
  Alone in Tenisee."

Chorus: Rosa, dearest Rosa,
  My heart still beats for thee,
You're de only yaller gal I love,
  De belle ob Tenisee.

You may talk about Susanna,
  An your pretty Susa Teil,
De belle ob Lousianna,
  An de charming Lucy Neal;
But wid my dearest Rosa,
  No oder one can shine,
When dey come to talk of beauty,
  Why she leabes dem all behind.
    Rosa, dearest Rosa, &c.

If Rosa she were mine again,
  How good dis nigger 'd feel,
I'd play upon de banjo den,
  While Rosa dance de reel,
I'd hunt de coon an possum,
  For it war my only pride,
Den happy, happy would I be,
  Wid Rosa by my side.
    Rosa, dearest Rose, &c.

Why do the ladies never have any beards? Because they can't hold their tongues still long enough to get shaved.

Arkansas Kate.

Arranged and sung by CHARLES WHITE, and his Band of Minstrels, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, N. Y.

Oh, niggers dey hab all sung sweet,
About dar lubs ob late,
But dar am none dat can compete,
Wid my Arkansas Kate.

Chorus: Oh Kate, my sweet Arkansas Kate,
Dar's something tells dis nigger's heart,
He's bound to marry Kate.

When first I seen her lovely self,
Near de plantation gate,
My heart it went ke-chunk, ke-chunk,
An fell in lub wid Kate.
Oh Kate, &c.

When to de cotton fields we went,
It was my lucky fate,
To pick de cotton in de row,
Along wid pretty Kate.
Oh Kate, &c.

An as from bush to bush we went,
Sweat stories she'd relate,
An when she showed her lubly teeth,
I swore I'd marry Kate.
Oh Kate, &c.

I gazed into her lubly eyes,
Dey turned dis nigger's pate,
An many a cotton twig I broke,
When smiling at dear Kate.
Oh Kate, &c.

Day after day I dream an sweat,
'Kase I wanted to relate,
De love dat's in dis nigger's heart,
To de ear ob charming Kate.
Oh Kate, &c.

Eh—eh—how dis nigger puff and blow,
One night when it was late,
I axed de question—yah! yah! yah
An I'se gwine to marry Kate.
Oh Kate, &c.

THE

Grand Burlesque Lecture

ON

PHRENOLOGY!

As given by CHARLES WHITE, the great original and unrivalled Ethiopian performer, at the Melodeon Concert Saloon, N. Y.

Colored Gemmen :—Prebious to my digressing, it am highly accessory dat you should know one ting. When de projectibness ob de cranneum doesn't spaciate on de organs, an de fluid which condelopes itself in de risabilities ob de head, den de latitude ob de science becomes condensed, an de fust ting you know, you am troubled wid de Lock-jaw-ology. His locality am so in diwidualized wid his human nature, dat de adhesiveness ob de moral sentiments can't cowerse on his philotututitibnes or to be more complex, he is troubled wid de

catipillar, horse-radish, polywog tincture ob blue ruin. His temperaments dey predominates in a manifestation ob de observation, when de greasyo-ology, pepingram cubby-house ob de calculation, extemporaneously, extelegraphicly, extempo express. Colored frens, dar's one bump dat ought to be on toder side ob de head. (*pointing to the nose.*) Now, sir, if you keep yourself perfectly docile, I will felt ob your semi-intellectual organs ob your organic, galvanic, elifantic, horse-marine, mud-puddle, flounder-flatten, sculpology. Your eventuality am so constructed, dat your brain bumps am congealed an you're liable to hab fits, dat is, as Mr. Shakespoke expresses himself in his medigolical work, on "Who's dat knocking at de door." But owing to de excresence ob de cateresence, de only possible point you can arribe at is, de broken-headology to conclude de termination.

Colored frens, I can't spress myself any farder on dis indiwidual's head; but on some prebious ebening, I should be most happy to 'lighten you farder on dis important subject.

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